

Lost Chronicle : Atlantis, The Dragon City

by Ethan Demas

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Ruffnut, Toothless

Pairings: Hiccup/Ruffnut

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-01 20:40:31

Updated: 2014-11-26 16:18:49

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:18:07

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 6,964

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: During a raid on Berk, another person makes a discovery that changes the way history goes forever. From this single change, two riders are born, neither knowing about the other, protecting dragons however they can. Only after one is banished, the other finds out. However in banishment, Hiccup discovers the world he always dreamed of, Atlantis, City of the Dragon. I drew the Picture

1. Chapter 1

****Hey there!****

****I have been working on this since the start of July with the help of Last Believer. She has been an great help in beta'ing and refining my work. I hope to capture your interest with this story and keep it throu-out it. ****

****I don't own the How To Train Your Dragon franchise, books, movie or games. This is simply written for my enjoyment and he readers entertainment.****

****Have at it guys and girls!****

*** * ***

><p>The sky was an ominous dark grey, giving a dark sense of a foreboding storm that had yet to come. The waves of the ocean down below sprayed a salty mist in the air, mixing it with the scent of burnt wood and oil coming from the cliff-side village. The hurricane winds thrashed against the wooden walls, creating an eerie whistling noise while flashes of lightning cast shadows in the house. Thunderous bangs echoed off the mountains making the powerful storm seemingly endless, but amongst all this was a man hurriedly making his way toward a house, his clothes soaked by the heavy rains.<p>

The hulking figure of the man moved with surprising grace through the storm and into the house, where candles were the only thing to make the outline of a few people visible. There was a panting sound coming from a room up ahead, and heads snapped to the direction of the room as a sudden scream broke through the sounds of the storms outside. The man who had entered mere moments ago rushed towards the room, not caring about himself in the least.

"How is she?" came his rough voice from beyond the room.

"Fine, she's almost done, just a few more minutes," A softer and aged voice replied.

Individual drops of water sat in his thick red beard like small gems shining in the little bit of light the room held. The light from the lamp dancing in his green eyes, as he lifted his helmet from his head, revealing the same red hair on his head. The winds blew around the house, hitting the walls with pebbles and other small stones that had dislodged. His eyes flicked over to his wife when she gasped softly in pain due to contractions, his heart beating harshly in his chest with emotion that felt alien to him. His fear, anxiousness and overall helplessness at the situation were visible on his face.

Slowly he made his way over to his wife's side and took her warm hand in his cold one. Her own vibrant green eyes met with his, sending a new sensation into the emotional turmoil he found himself in, relief. Thunder clapped outside, washing another wave of dread over him. Closing her eyes she took a deep breath and cried out again, he could see everything she felt on her face.

"Come on dear, just one more!" came the elders voice.

She clutched his hand stronger than a dragon holding on its hatchling for dear life, and screamed out loud as she put all her energy into it. Everything went silent, even the storm outside had stopped for a brief few moments, seconds ticked by and it all resumed when the cry of a baby joined in. The most beautiful orchestra's symphony held nothing to the wondrous sound of their little baby crying.

The elder cut the umbilical cord and cleaned the new-born with some warm water and a towel, then handed him to his parents. The crying ceases as soon as he was in his mother's hands and his eyes snapped open, revealing two forest green orbs that shone with innocence and curiosity. Yet those same little eyes also held power and intelligence rivalling that of the chief's, and strangely it fit perfectly on the new-born.

"He's perfect," She whispered with a smile.

"He's small," He replied.

Smacking his hand away, she gave him a small glare, "He's a baby, of course he is."

He only gave a hearty laugh, shaking his head with a fond smile. His little family was perfect as they were right now and he would make sure nothing would ever change that. A knock on the door brought him from his musings, his brother entered the room, a smile playing on

his lips as he watched the little family together.

"What are you going to name the little tyke?" he asked in his warm gravelly voice.

"I want my wife to name the little one," He replied turning to look at his wife.

"Hiccup, his name is going to be Hiccup Hayden Haddock the Third'" She said softly.

"After my great grandfather, and his grandfather before him," He said with pride.

His brother then left them to go tell the news to the rest of the village, and the village had celebrated that night. Valka and Stoick didn't need the Gothi to tell them Hiccup would do great things, but they had invited her to come and read their son's future none the less, it was a tradition, and it would only be polite to allow her to do it. Gothi arrived two days after his birth to do the reading, which involved a few tests for the new-born. Stoick and Valka welcomed her and let her in.

"Good morning Elder Gothi," they greeted.

The elder nodded her head with a sincere smile. She then looked at the two expectantly for a moment, Valka being the first to realise what she wanted jumped up and went to fetch Hiccup. She returned after a few seconds with the boy in her arms.

"This is Hiccup Hayden Haddock the Third," she introduced.

Gothi nodded in approval of the names, she really didn't like the first name but the second one she loved. Shaking her head, she took out a small packet of 78 cards and laid them down one by one showing the back side of each to the baby as she passed. The baby had made to grab 6 of those cards as she expected and laid those aside from the rest.

She did the same with Valka and Stoick, but having each just take one card from the deck and placed it to the left and right of the six cards. The six cards were sat in 2 rows of 3 cards and the two drawn by the parents lay on the sides on the line that separated the two rows.

The first card was a Magician. She had a soft, slightly gravelly voice, that held power and wisdom, as she spoke, "The power to change the world around one is a remarkable gift."

The second was a Sword: "Thought power is a double edged sword and can be used for good and evil."

The third was the Moon: "Though not everything is as it seems, certain truths can be dulled over time."

The fourth was The Six of Pentacles: "He knows the light in the darkness, and with care he will reach out to that light."

The fifth was The Star: "Following his heart, he knows what is right and what is the best for those around him."

The sixth was The King of Wands: "And with what he knows and feels, he will lead the masses to become one."

Revealing Stoick's card she spoke further, "The Chariot represents a man following his mind rather than his heart, forgetting emotion for logic. That logic is not always reason, for the heart knows best."

Flipping over Valka's card The Fool: "Change is always good, and with this you shall bring a change in your son's life. It's not known when or how, but it will happen, so do not fight it, accept it and embrace this change." She looked between the two of them. "Heed my words, do not fall into the alluring traps the mind sets up, and follow your heart."

Stoick frowned, he didn't know what this all meant. It was more than most others he had heard of, and there were so many things in this reading that had double meanings. From what he had gathered he knew his son would bring change to their lives and he would lead them with his heart to unite all people, but he didn't know what his role was in this. He understood that Valka would find that change their son is going to make, but what does his leadership skills have to do with anything?

"Thank you Gothi for coming out to do this reading. I must say, this is one of the most interesting readings I have heard of."

Gothi nodded and smiled before leaving their house, leaving Stoick confused. He had more questions about his son's future now than he had before the reading. He didn't know what truths were dulled over time and how they had missed this truth. He might even have a new mission, but he would have to wait and learn what that was.

2. I'm forgotten, I learn

****Well that's Chapter 2, I don't own anything that is HTTYD, please support the official version of this movie and story.****

Valka and Stoick were laughing as they chased a hyperactive infant who had just learned the wonders of crawling a few weeks earlier. The boy had hidden himself from them a few minutes earlier, and they decided to split up to search for the little boy. Near one of the beds there was a giggling sound and a small head of brown hair sticking out. Valka smiled as she walked over to her son and picked him up.

"You're a fast little one aren't you?" she asked and tickled him.

The baby just giggled a bit before yawning. "Tired from all that crawling?" Stoick asked while playing peek-a-boo with the boy over his wife's shoulder.

"I'm not surprised. He's been up since this morning." Valka answered

She laughed at the faces her husband pulled to entertain their son, it amazed her how many different ones he could make with the little

bit of his face sticking out between his beard and hair. She shoosed Stoick and lulled their son to sleep before laying him down in his crib, a few moments later she came out of the room to find Stoick leaning against the wall next to the door waiting for her.

"Waiting for me?" she asks, sliding her hand across his chest then up flicking his nose and laughing and running away from him.

"Do you ever play fair, Valka?" he asked as he followed her.

"Not when it comes to you my large Viking!" she said as she slipped out of the house.

"I should have known she would pull this trick! She does it every time I don't expect it." Stoick grumbled as he went to sit in the chair and read a book.

Valka headed off to watch the sunset and enjoy her evening off, she had taken care of Hiccup all morning and afternoon while Stoick was out to do his duty. When she thought of Stoick working, she reconsidered leaving him for the girls night out, he was after all working just as hard as she was. Just so long he doesn't go and join the guys for his night out, but she would worry about that later. She laid back against a rock and watched the sun set over the horizon, almost dozing off.

That was, until she spotted a mass of black shapes heading in from the distance. She stared at the mass for a few more seconds until her mind finally caught up to what she was seeing, DRAGONS! They were coming in for a raid, and for the first time, she had spotted them far ahead of time and could warn the village. She ran towards the tower and yelled at the men to sound the alarm to signal that a raid was approaching.

Once she informed them, she went to get her weapons from Gobber before she returned home. She had made it to the start of town when the dragons swooped in and the utter chaos started with dragons setting buildings alight and Vikings chasing after them. Some grabbed food while others dragons distracted the Vikings, some were killed in by the villagers before they could flee with food. It was a gruesome and bloody scene everywhere, no place for a child or teen, but never the less there was a group of teens putting out fires and chasing off Terrible Terrors.

Stoick was torn between rushing out to protect his village and keeping his son safe, but his decision was made for him when a woman cried out and he set off in order to help her, leaving the little boy unattended. He prayed to Odin that Valka would forgive him for this, but he needed to protect the village, it was his duty first and foremost. It wasn't long until a Nightmare set the house on fire with its fire coat, the heat and sudden light caused Hiccup to start to cry.

A large brown dragon had heard the soft crying of a baby and went to investigate it, finding Hiccup. The dragon nuzzled the baby a bit and it stopped crying and started to giggle and swat at the dragon. The brown dragon played for a while using its wing, until a creaking sound drew its attention and its head snapped in that direction. The roof was going to collapse putting the baby in danger, and without a second the dragon blasted a gust of wind with its wings at

the unstable blasting it away, before quickly protecting the baby under its wings.

Moments later the door creaked open and Valka stormed in only to stop and watch the dragon and her son play. She walked over to them slowly and cautiously not to scare the beast but she heard a shout and turned around when she reached them. Stoick was rushing towards them, scaring the dragon in the process. The dragon reacted by going into a defensive stance in front of the baby and its mother to protect it from what he assumed was a threat.

Stoick threw an axe at it to scare it away, but the dragon jumped forward dodging the axe and knocked him over, it spun around knocking Stoick away with its tail, grabbing Valka in the process. As Stoick got up and saw the beast making its way to the baby to take it, he ran and shoved the dragon away to get there before it got to Hiccup, but with that it also took Valka as it flew away.

The scene was forever ingrained in the memory of Stoick, his heart felt as if it was set on fire and ripped apart by the dragon, but his mind was filled with anger towards the beast. He vowed he would find that beast and destroy it if it was the last thing he did. His mind was filled with anger towards the beast, over clouding his better judgement and pushing emotion to the side. Like all those who seek revenge, it would come at a great cost, losing those who are closest to you due to your own actions.

The road to hell is paved with good intentions, but the way to open the gates of hell is through revenge. For the next few months Stoick searched for the Dragon's nest, but each time he would have no success. He missed his son's first birthday, but considered it was a small price to pay for making progress in finding that nest. He never knew that his son had spoken his first word that day, just like he couldn't see he was doing the exact thing Gothi had warned him about only a year prior.

Gothi and Gobber watched Hiccup grow for 15 years, becoming intelligent, innovative and curious. Unlike most male Vikings his age, he was thin and agile. The exception was Tuffnut, but that was due to him being part of a set of twins, there was also the fact that Tuffnut was just like his name suggested tough and rough like his sister. Hiccup on the other was not tough, but a great strategist and tactician, outwitting his peers when they would try to bully him.

Gobber had taken the boy to learn blacksmithing and Gothi had taught him herbology and medicinal arts. He had excelled in all of those and even took on wood crafting and leather making, this enabled the boy to do nearly anything by himself if he had the raw materials. His teachers were proud of him, yet concerned at the same time. He had met their every expectation, but not his fathers. They could see that the boy had tried to gain his father's approval by learning all this and doing more for the village, yet none of it had seemed to please the Chief.

Ruffnut had noticed the Hiccup and admired his work ethic and ability to solve problems. He had blown up a few things, the destruction he caused was pure art, but when he actually got his inventions to work, they were accurate and deadly. Sometimes he scared her with his vast knowledge and ideas, which seemed endless to her. She wanted to talk

to him more often, but she was afraid she might be ridiculed by the others. He was a village screw up, and she was a promising young warrior. They couldn't be more different in social status, but in mind she thought they were more alike than the sun and the moon.

Every time she would admire him from afar, but never tell him the truth. Truthfully, she was crushing on his boyish innocent looks and behavior. He was the perfect mix of wild and genius for her, and one day when the village realises what great potential he has, she would make herself known to him.

Hope you guys enjoyed the second chapter. I must apologize for my leave of absence. Got a little frustrating to not write what you want to write, and having to change the chapter every few times. Hopefully my beta will accept my apology of skipping a month because of everything going on. I'll have to put some time aside to get back on track with the other 6 stories... UGH I buried myself in a lot of words and letters and symbols and stuff... So yah... I need to get going... Sorry again... Wow my excuses - even though valid - suck...

3. Ruff times

From now on, the chapters are going to be a bit longer, ranging from 2.5k words to 4k words. The intro chapters were short, but that was about it with the shorter paragraphs.

Another night, another dragon raid, and it was normal. Yet somehow she had the feeling something was wrong each time a raid occurred, like a gut feeling telling her that there was more to it than what meets the eye. She helped the rest of the teens put out fires for the better half of the raid, but slipped away after a while to rest for a bit. She did this often and they didn't care enough to complain, so she didn't care.

Ruffnut had always been a curious girl and sometimes her brother followed her, but this time she was alone. She had heard a dragon cry out when the catapult hit it, and it glided out of the sky towards the forest. If she killed it, she would be praised as the youngest girl to ever kill a dragon. She made her way through the forest, but what she saw made her heart stop. On the ground in a clearing was one of the most beautiful dragons she had ever laid eyes on. Its wings were a dark grey on the outside but the inside was a dark blue color like the sky when the sun had just set. Its body was long and was covered with silver-gray scales, but the most impressive was its exotic flaming orange mane.

The dragon was injured, blood slowly seeped from a gash on its side where the harpoon had hit it. She knew she shouldn't, but slowly she moved towards the wound on the dragons side. She opened her satchel and took out a small bottle of medicine. She carefully poured a bit on her hand and drizzled it over the wound to stop any pain the dragon might be experiencing as well as disinfect the wound. The dragon, which she recognized as a Sky Leviathan, lifted its large head and stared at her. The dragon started to lick its wound, spreading its saliva on it which immediately healed a large portion of the wound and restoring the less damaged areas to their formal health.

Ruffnutt could only stare at the wonderful and mysterious ability the dragon exhibited, but instantly became scared when the dragon turned towards her and flicked its tongue out at her tasting the air. She knew she had a few minor cuts and burns on her arms from the raid she had just come from, which is probably what the dragon had smelled. She either smelled really good, or he wanted to help her because the Leviathan started to lick her healing her wounds.

"Thank you, even if you don't understand what I am saying." Ruffnut told the dragon.

The dragon nodded and got up walked deeper into the forest, Ruffnut could only stare with admiration at the dragon as it left. She wondered if she would see it again, and she hoped she would. She had felt calm and respected when he was around her, something the rest of the villagers wouldn't make her feel. Hiccup was the exception, but he was an outcast and yet he was the nicest, smartest and funniest boy in town. It irked her that he was so infatuated with Astrid. She softly mumbled something and started her way back to the village.

* * *

><p>Hiccup ran through the village with his tried and tested weapon of draconic-doom, his bola cannon coming to a stop on a cliff near the outside of the village. He wanted to be the first to kill a Night Fury, not only to have the Vikings and his father accept him and notice him, but to catch the eye of his dream girl. As fate would have it, he was able to just barely make out the shape of something in the sky and shoot it down. He was stunned for a second before whooping for joy, only to have that joy turn into fear when a Monstrous Nightmare attacked him, sending him down into the village running for his life. He ran only to come into contact with a villager brawling with a Deadly Nadder.<p>

He ran passed them, slipping by the attacking Nadder and dancing out of the attacking Vikings path. He quickly ran down a narrow passage between the buildings, but the Nightmare chased him from the rooftops, hell bent on catching him. Hiccup wondered what he had done to enrage the beast so much, but didn't have much time to think when he came out into a dead end and the beast coming from the other side. There was nowhere to run to that had decent cover to duck behind when the dragon shot at him.

The beast chasing him was caught in the head with a hammer and veered off course by the object, and when it got back up to attack again, Stoick wrestled it to the ground and knocked it out with a single punch to the face. The village chief turned to his son with disappointed look on his face, he knew his son wasn't able to fight dragons due to his size, but he could at least try. He wanted a large boy, beefy and strong, ready for battle and as tough as iron, but his son was as flimsy as an autumn leaf that gets blown over by the slightest wind.

"House. Now!" Was all he needed to command and his son obeyed him.

Stoick gave the villagers a look and they scrambled, fearing the wrath of him. He shook his head, frustrated that his son couldn't do anything a Viking should be able to do. When he got home, he looked

at Hiccup, disappointment clear in his eyes.

"It's not like the last few times, Dad. I mean I really actually hit it. You guys were busy and I had a very clear shot. It went down, just off Raven Point. Let's get a search out there, before it-" Hiccup tried to say.

"STOP! Just...stop." Stoick said and sighed. "Every time you step outside, disaster follows. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter's almost here and I have an entire village to feed!"

"Between you and me, the village could do with a little less feeding, don't ya think." He says and chuckles awkwardly.

"This isn't a joke, Hiccup!" Stoick shouts, he pulls his hand across his face exasperatedly. "Why can't you follow the simplest orders?"

"I can't stop myself. I see a dragon and I have to just... kill it, you know? It's who I am, Dad."

"You are many things, Hiccup. But a dragon killer is not one of them. Go to bed Hiccup, we'll talk about this tomorrow." Stoick said and headed to his own bed.

Hiccup lay in his bed, wondering how things would change if he actually found the dragon and slayed it. What would the people think of him? Would Astrid notice him? He drifted off into sleep with dreams about him being the village hero when he brings back the corps of the dreaded Night Fury.

* * *

><p>The following morning, Hiccup sets out before his father wakes up, taking a dagger with him. Heading towards Raven point, where he had seen the dragon go down. He walked thru the forest, looking for signs of the dragon, but he found none, but he was determined to find it. If he found that dragon, all his problems would be over, and he would not be the village runt anymore. His father would respect him and appreciate him.<p>

"Uggh, the gods hate me!" Hiccup said throwing his hand up into the air after 4 hours of searching. "Some people lose their knife or their mug. No, not me.! I manage to lose an entire dragon."

Hiccup WHACKS a low-hanging branch in frustration, but it snaps back at him hitting him in the face. The blow was hard enough to force his face to turn up and see a snapped tree trunk. His eyes narrow and follow it to a long trench of up-turned earth. He decides to see what the trail leads to and followed it to a downed black dragon, its body and tail tangled in a bola, and it looks to have been killed by the impact to the ground. Hiccup approaches the dead dragon beaming.

"Oh wow. I did it. I did it. This fixes everything." He excitedly said.

"Yes!" Hiccup exclaims as he strikes a victory pose, planting his foot on the fallen Night Fury.

"I have brought down this mighty beast!"

It the dragon suddenly shifts, throwing his foot off of it. The gesture was enough to tell the boy that the dragon wasn't as dead as he thought it to be.

"Whoa!" Hiccup shouts as he springs back, terrified.

He turns his blade on the dragon in front of him and slowly creeps along the length of the weakened dragon, dagger poised to strike. As he reaches the head, Hiccup finds the Night Fury staring coldly at him. Hiccup tries to look away, but he's drawn back to its unnerving, unflinching stare. With the dragon safety tangled in the ropes, Hiccup jabs with his dagger, puffing himself up with false bravado.

"I'm going to kill you, Dragon. I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father. I'm a Viking." But the words seem meaningless and empty to him, but again shouts it as if to reassure him. "I am a VIKING!"

Hiccup raises the dagger, determined to prove his Viking-ness. The dragon's laboured breathing breaks Hiccup's clenched concentration. He opens an eye, uncertainty leaking through and looks right into the dragons eyes, the dragon holds the stare. Finally, the Night Fury closes its eye and lowers its head, resigned to its fate. Hiccup tries to go through with it, holding the dagger aloft... fighting himself... until finally lowering it with a frustrated sigh. He looks over the dragon's chaffed rope wounds.

"I did this." He turns to leave, but pauses and glances back at the dragon, chest heaving. Hiccup grumbles. He checks over his shoulder to ensure that no one is watching him, and then hurries back to cut the ropes. The Night Fury's eye shoots open. With the dragon watching his every move, Hiccup hurriedly saws through the bola ropes.

As the last rope falls free, the Night Fury suddenly pounces on Hiccup! In a blur, the dragon is upon him, pinning Hiccup down, grazing his neck, looking like it's about to kill him. Hiccup is paralysed with fear and closes his eyes. The dragon's breath ruffles his hair. Hiccup opens his eyes slowly to find the Night Fury's wolf-like stare boring into him.

The dragon draws a deep breath, as though it's about to torch him, then lets out an ear-piercing scream instead. It turns and takes flight, flapping violently through the canopy of trees and vanishes over the tree tops into the sky. Winded, Hiccup struggles to his feet, staggers a few steps, and then dramatically collapses to his knees, and faints. The dragon he had freed felt a pang of guilt for his behaviour towards the little human, but he couldn't be bothered by that right?

* * *

><p>Later that evening when after he woke up from his fright induced fainting spell, he walked back to the village. He enters to see Stoick sitting on a chair, slouched over the fire-pit, stirring the coals with his axe. Embers waft around his beard. Hiccup tries to sneak past, up the stairs to his room. Stoick seems none the wiser, when...<p>

"Hiccup"

Hiccup freezes mid-step and, his shoulders slouch and he turns towards his father and walks toward him, taking a seat near him. His heart was beating in his throat and his palms were sweaty. This usually meant trouble, and he being who he is knew this meant something very bad.

"Dadâ€¦ Uhm... Hi?" he says unsurely, watching as he's father stands up and stretches. "I, uh... I have to talk to you, Dad."

" I need to speak with you too, son." Stoick says, his voice sounding gruffer than usual.

"I've decided I don't want to fight dragons." Hiccup said while Stoick simultaneously said "I think it's time you learn to fight dragons." The two blinked for a second.

"What" they asked at the same time.

"You go first dad." Hiccup said and gestured to his dad to talk.

"Alright. You get your wish, Dragon training. You start in the morning." Told his son, hoping it would make him more of a Viking and keep him out of trouble.

"Oh man, I should've gone first. Uh, 'cause I was thinking, you know we have a surplus of dragon-fighting Vikings, but do we have enough bread-making Vikings, or small home repair Vikings." He said sounding nervous

"You'll need this."

Stoick hands Hiccup his axe, but Hiccup avoids taking it.

"I don't want to fight dragons.

"Come on. Yes, you do."

"Rephrase. Dad I can't kill dragons." Looking him dead in the eye.

"But you will kill dragons." As if it would be the easiest thing once he starts training.

"No, I'm really very extra sure that I won't."

"It's time Hiccup."

"Can you not hear me?" asked Hiccup.

"This is serious son!"

Stoick forces the axe into Hiccup's hands. Its weight drags him down. He looks up to see Stoick under-lit with firelight.

"When you carry this axe, you carry all of us with you. This means you walk like us. You talk like us. You think like us. No more of..."

Stoick gestures to Hiccup in general "â€| this."

"You just gestured to all of me." Hiccup said slightly offended.

"Deal?" Stoick asked.

"This conversation is feeling very one-sided." Hiccup mumbles.

"DEAL?!" Stoick yelled.

Hiccup glances at the axe in his hands. It's a no-win argument. And he knew there was nothing he could say to make his stubborn father listen to him.

"Deal." He says in a resigned voice.

Satisfied, Stoick grabs his helmet and duffel bag... and heads for the door, but pauses and turns back to face hiccup.

"Good. Train hard. I'll be back. Probably."

"And I'll be here. Maybeâ€|"

Stoick heads out the door, leaving Hiccup holding the axe. Hiccup knows he could never be what his father wants, he just wasn't built for it and neither did he have the heart for it. His encounter with the Night Fury enough for him to figure that out, but his father just wouldn't listen. He shook his head and went to bed, dreading the following day.

* * *

><p>The Deadly Nadder gave chase after Hiccup, firing spines and blasting white hot fireballs at him. He really doubted Gobber was a competent teacher for the teenagers of Berk, because his teaching methods were insane and impractical. All the while he couldn't help but notice that this dragon attacked to kill, unlike the Night Fury he had released a few days ago. It had just roared at him and flew off into the sky, not even bothering to kill him<p>

The Nadder charged at him, but knocked down one of the maze walls in the process, causing a domino effect that sent the entire maze down as well as Hiccup running into Astrid. The two were a tangled heap of limbs. She had used his face as leverage to pull her axe from his shield, but when it failed, she hit the dragon in the face with the axe still embedded into the shield. Dazing the dragon and freeing the axe while simultaneously breaking the shield. The dragon had retreated after that, not wanting to fight anymore.

Astrid gave him a death glare as she and the rest of the teens walked out of the ring. Hiccup shook his head and went back to the cove he had last seen the Night Fury in, hoping he would catch a glimpse of it. It was a magnificent dragon, and he would love to learn more about it, but he knew it would probably never return. However, he was pleasantly surprised to find the dragon there when he arrived at the cove.

He drew the dragon in his book, with as much detail as possible,

taking note of the sleek body and its large pectoral muscles. He had noted a lot of things of this particular dragon and decided to come back every day, and each time he returned he learnt something new about the dragon. The dragon had opened to him and started treating him like an equal, which was sadly more than most of his peers did.

The biggest thing he had discovered lately, was that he hated Astrid's attitude. She was so full of herself and looked down on all the other teens, even her own friends. Ruffnut seemed to be different as of late, more focused and smarter than usual. He would notice a glance or two she threw his way during training, but he liked it and would smile at her. She would blush, turning her skin a nice shade of pink, but would always act as if nothing happened a few seconds later.

* * *

><p>Ruffnut had noticed her crush start to pay more attention to her and less to Astrid as time progressed, it felt to her like winning a war. The smiles he would send her were absolutely cute, but the most interesting fact she had noted was, he used some of the things dragons hated and loved against them. She wondered how he knew those things, as none of it was in the dragon manual.<p>

She had grown closer to the Sky Leviathan, learning some of the dragon's secret abilities. It was purely by accident, she had been brushing Storm's mane to untangle the hair, doing so she had built up a large static charge which the dragon freed in the form of a bolt similar to that of theSkrill.

Ruffnut had stayed with the dragon a few times, and because she would usually go camping and exploring the woods alone, nobody bothered her about staying away from the village for extended periods of time. She had found an underground network of caves that led to the hidden part of the island. This part had a steady river of lava flowing into the ocean creating a thick blanket of steam covering that side of the island. This also created a unique environment for animals to live in.

The intense heat and light created a tropical environment, supporting a large jungle with a lake and river feeding into the ocean. The area also sported a few hot springs that were usable to bathe in and others to cook food. Nearest to the mountain there was a large glacier that was sustained thanks to the high altitudes, cold weather and constant snowfall on the higher area. The glacier would melt, but the melted ice was replaced constantly, feeding the lake and small rivulets. These hidden 3 kilometres was settled in half of an old volcanic crater behind a veil of steam and mist, unknown to the larger population of Vikings. Storm had taken residence in one of the old magma chambers near the lake.

Ruffnut leaned against her dragon reading a book on how to make a saddle for him. She had went flying with him and had to hold onto his hair when she almost fell, hurting the dragon. So she decided to postpone any further flying until she had a saddle for him. Ruffnut sighed, gaining her friends attention. He looked at her and with a raised eyebrow, asking her what was bothering her so much.

"It's nothing Storm." she replied, but the dragon huffed and gave her

a look that said 'and I am a pretty little pink princess on a unicorn'.

"You know... For a dragon, your facial expressions are quite expressive. I could have sworn you just implied you were a human princess prancing around on a unicorn."

The dragon gave her a toothy grin, before raising both eyebrows then letting the one lower again. "Yah, okay... Okay... It is going to be hard making you a saddle. We are going to need leathers and oils to treat it with, and then there is the metal to make the saddle itself. We also need tools to do that with."

The dragon thought for a bit, before it suddenly got up and flew away, leaving Ruffnut alone. She wondered what the dragon was going to do, last time she said she was hungry, he had brought her an assortment of fish. A Codd, Salmon, Trout, Herring and Tuna were presented to her, and when she only took the Trout, he ate the rest. Deciding she should complete learning how to make a saddle, she picked up the book and continued.

About an hour later, she heard a flutter around the caves entrance and went out to investigate, what she found made her giggle. Storm had gathered a few tortoise shells and laid tree branches on it, letting the oil drain from it, there was also a large boar he had hunted and a Gronkle...? She understood the first few things, but what was the Gronkle for? Storm nudged the Gronkle and it spewed lava into a glacial pond, which cooled it and revealed metal laying in the bottom.

"Huh? That's interesting." she commented

She moved over, not caring about startling the Gronkle because she knew that her dragon would calm it. Ruffnut picked up the metal piece from the pond, finding it extremely light. She tested it with her weapon and found to her astonishment, that it was stronger than she had thought it would be. She smiled at the Gronkle and gave it a quick scratch, causing it to purr in content.

Ruffnut smiled, she knew exactly how she was going to make Storm's saddle. She just needed to get the correct tools so she can get started on her project. Meanwhile another rider had the exact same thoughts as her, the only difference was he was a little more prepared than she was.

So next chapter will be out in mid December, cause I need to complete my other stories chapters before I upload this one. If there are any problems in this chapter, I am sorry, my Beta is currently away and I tried my best to have it flow as smooth as possible. Also notify me about them and I'll correct them as soon as possible.

End
file.